And comes not in, over-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M. But there is *Merdake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds. *Enter Worcester.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

As

As now we meete. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old uneasie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the unborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it: how comes it then?
Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turne your lookes
Of favour, from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gant*, Duke of *Lancaster*:
To this, we sware our ayde: but in short space
It rain'd down, Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

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